

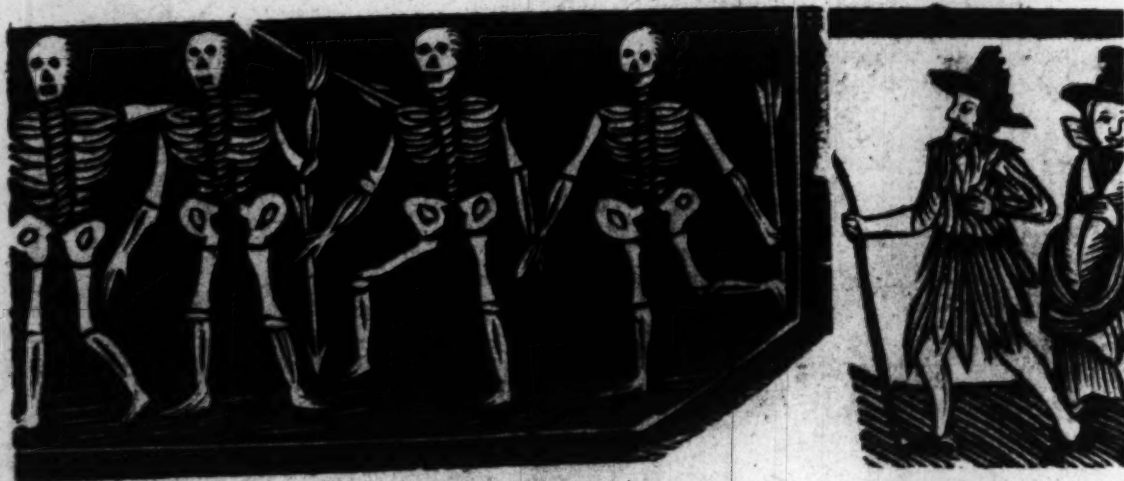


316



# DEAT

To be sung to a pleasant new tune, cal



**I**f Death would come and show his face,  
as he does show his power,  
And sit at many a rich mans place,  
both every day and houre.  
He would amaze them every one,  
to see him standing there,  
And with that same he would be gone,  
from all their dwellings faire.  
O, if that Death would take the paines,  
to goe to the water side,  
Where Merchants purchase golden gaines  
to pranke them vp in pride.  
And bid them thinke upon the paye,  
as else he shal see some,  
There would be giuen them at their daye,  
god almes, both night and noone.  
O, walke into the Royall-Exchange,  
when every man is there,  
No doubt his coming would be strange,  
to put them all in feare.  
Howe they doe woildly buy and sell,  
to make their markets good,  
Their dealings all would prosper well,  
if so the matter stood.  
O, if Death would take the paines, <sup>45</sup>  
to goe to Pauls one day,  
To talke with such as there remaine, <sup>28</sup>  
to walke and not to pray.  
Of life they would take lasting lease,  
though were so great a fine,  
But is not that, but some would please,  
to let them by a slye.

**I**f Death would go to Westminster,  
to walke about the Hall,  
And make himselfe a Counsellor,  
in pleas amongst them all.  
I thinke the Court of Conscience,  
would have a great regard,  
When Death should come with diligence,  
to haue their matters heard.  
For Death hath bin a Checker man,  
not many yeeres agoe,  
And he is such a one as can,  
bestow his checking so.  
That neuer a Clarke within the Hall,  
can argue so his case,  
But Death can ouerrule them all,  
in euery Court and place.  
If Death would keepe a tipling house,  
where Ropsters do resort,  
And take the cup, and drinke, carouse,  
when they are in their sport.  
And wisely say, my Masters all,  
why stand you idle here,  
I bring to you Saint Gibs his bolle,  
that would put them all in feare.  
If Death would make a step to dance,  
where lusty Gallants be,  
O, take Dice, and chace a chance,  
when he doth gamesters see.  
And say, my Masters, Vane at all,  
I warrant it will be mine.  
They would in amazement fall,  
to let him any Coyne.

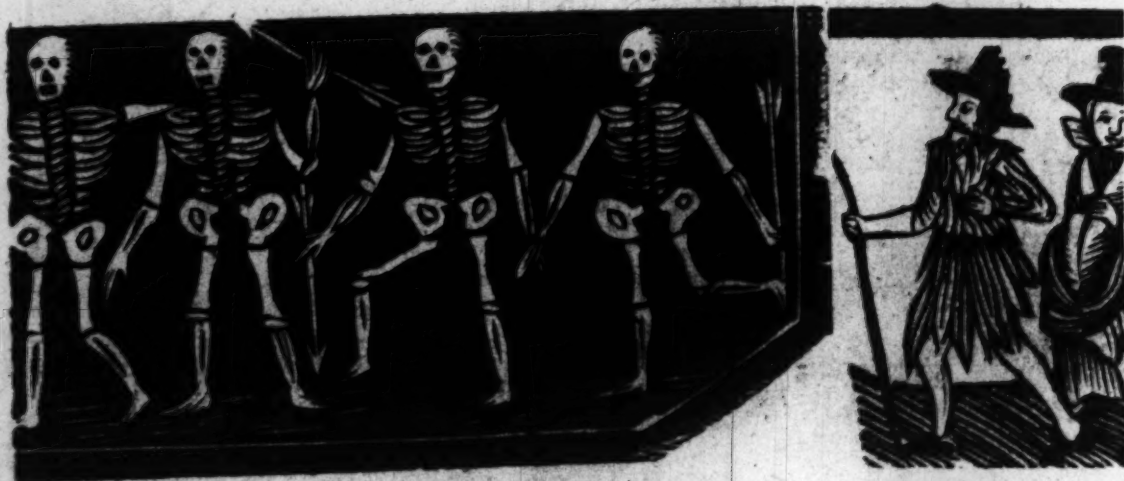


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# DANCE.

Oh no, no, no, not yet, or, the meddow brow.



If Death would gossip with them,  
amongst the ragged Whines,  
That taunts and calls at their good men,  
to make them weary lines.  
It would amaze them, I might say,  
so spitefully 'tis said:  
That they will beare the sting and stung,  
and over-rule the road.

If Death would quarterly but come,  
amongst the Landlads crew,  
And take a count of every sum,  
that rises more than due.  
As well of Income, as of Fine,  
about the old set Rent.

They would let Leases without Coyne,  
for feare they should be shent.

If Death would take his daily course,  
where Tradesmen sell their Ware,  
His welcome sure would be more woyle,  
then those of monyes bare,  
It would affright them so to see,  
his leane and hollow-lakes,  
If Death should say, come hither to me,  
my reckoning in your bakes.

If Death would theow the Purkets trace  
where Conscience dwells to dwell,  
And take but there a Bucklers place,  
he might do wonders well.  
High prizes would abated be,  
and nothing found so deare,  
When Death should call, Come buy of me,  
would put them all in feare.

If Death would prove a Gentleman,  
and come to court our Dames,  
And do the best of all he can,  
to blazon forth their names.  
Yet should he little welcomes have,  
amongst so fayre a crew,  
That daily go so fine and brave,  
when they his face do view.  
O! if he would but walke about,  
our City & suburbs round,  
There would be given him out of doubt  
full many a golden pound.  
To spare our wanton small crew,  
and give them longer day:  
But Death will grant no Leases now,  
but take them all away.

For Death hath promised to come,  
and come he will indeed,  
Therefore I warne you all and some,  
be ware and take good heed.

For what you do, or what you be,  
he's sure to find and know you,  
Though he be blind, and cannot see,  
in earth he will bestow you.

FINIS.

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